

CONVICTED OF BIGAMY CHARGE

MRS. HARRY THORNBURG
SHOWS NO EMOTION OR SOR-
ROW WHEN BROUGHT FACE TO
FACE WITH HER HUSBAND NO
1.

TO BE SENTENCED MONDAY

With no apparent regret or sor-
row for her act, Mrs. Harry Thorn-
burg late Thursday afternoon ad-
mitted that Emeran Wilde was her
husband No. 1, and that she had
never secured a divorce or legal
separation from him. She took her
predicament with a cool, ignorant
demeanor and showed no emotion
when told that she probably would
serve a term in the jail or peniten-
tiary for her behavior. She was con-
victed of the bigamy charge. Judge
Hughes stated that he would sen-
tence Mrs. Thornburg Monday
morning. Emeran Wilde, the woman's
former husband, as was stated in
Thursday edition of The Herald,
was here and testified against his
former spouse.

Mr. Wilde states that when he
and the woman were first married
that she seemed very devoted to
him. Soon, however, the devotion
began to wane and in about four
months she deserted him. She went
to Germany, taking about \$100 of
his money. He received one letter
from her while she was in Germany.
The letter stated that she was tired
of married life and never wished to
see him again.

As has been told before she re-

turned to this country and married
Harry "Boody" Thornburg. They
moved from here to St. Louis. It
seems from a postal card introduced
in the evidence Thursday that
she was little more satisfied with
the married life with Thornburg
than with Wilde. The card, which
was addressed to a friend, stated
that Thornburg had misrepresented
his financial condition to her and
was not making as much money as
he had told her he did. It further
states that she did not believe she
would live with Thornburg much
longer.

The marriage license issued in
New York to Mr. Wilde and his de-
serting spouse showed that Mrs.
Thornburg's age at that time was
27 years. The records show that
when she married Thornburg about
three years later that she gave her
age as 26 years. It is evident that
she grew one year younger during
the three years which elapsed from
the time she married Husband No.
1 and the second marriage.

Mr. Wilde attempted to converse
with Mrs. Thornburg in the court
room Thursday afternoon but she
refused to answer him. She ignored
his questions and even his presence
in the room. Mr. Wilde left for his
home in New York this afternoon.

Why not try a box of "Everwear"
Hose; 6 pairs for \$1.50; guaranteed
for 6 months. Sold by the Fashion.

Down and Out.

The mammoth road roller used in
making the street improvement in
the business portion of the city,
went down towards China when it
struck a soft spot, near the corner
of Walnut street and Jackson
streets, Friday afternoon, and as a
consequence it is out of business till
it can be raised and run again. In
going down it wedged itself against
the curbing on the west side of the
street, and done quite a little dam-
age. Men with jacks and lifts are
at work attempting to right the ma-
chine.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Lyon,
of Madison township, a son, on Nov.
9.

MASSACHUSETTS SETS THE PACE

THIS IS THE WORD GIVEN OUT
AS THE RESULT OF THE RE-
CENT ELECTIONS IN VARI-
OUS STATES.

DEATH KNELL OF PROTECTION

(SPECIAL TO THE HERALD.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—"As
Massachusetts goes, so will the na-
tion go in 1912."

This was the slogan of both Re-
publicans and Democrats in the
Massachusetts campaign. And the
Democratic candidate, Gov. Foss
won handsly.

The issue was the tariff and Taft
standpatism, the same issues that
will predominate in the 1912 cam-
paign. Query: If the protectionists
cannot carry Massachusetts, none
of the cotton and woolen manufac-
turing industries, where the people
are supposed to reap some of the
tremendous advantages of protec-
tion, how can they expect to carry
the middle and western states, in
which regions live the people who
pay the excessive prices caused by
high tariff and reap none of the al-
leged benefits of protection?

Why Mr. Taft Feels Shaky.

Here is an article which speaks
for itself. It is taken from the Da-
kota Democrat, published at Aber-
deen, S. D., and is a fair sample of
what the newspapers in the cities
visited by Mr. Taft on his trip
through the West published after he
had left town. Incidentally, this ar-
ticle in a measure reveals the sen-
timent which prompted Mr. Taft to
make his now famous prediction of
the Republican defeat in 1912.

"The big event—Taft day at Aber-
deen—has come and gone. Curio-
sity to see the President caused
thousands to come to Aberdeen,
stand in line and even give vent to
a few feeble cheers when he spoke,
but they were not with him at any
stage in the game. Poor Taft! Big-
hearted, jovial and companionable,
a commoner in his hearing. Every-
body instinctively admires him for
the personal charm of his manner.
It is too bad that such a good man
should be spoiled in trying to make
presidential timber of him. We love
him for his large personality, but in
view of what he has done we can-
not vote for him again."

The President Voted!

The President got to vote after
all. A lot of red tape was necessary,
but he voted. And thereby hangs a
tale.

Six years ago Mr. Taft made a
speech at Akron, O., in which he
roundly scored the notorious Cox
machine in Cincinnati. He said he
could take great pleasure in voting
against it. He declared this foul
Republican machine was a stench
in the nostrils of all good citizens.
The people of Ohio, realizing that
William H. Taft was telling the
truth, applauded him vigorously
and with the utmost sincerity.

In the recent election Mr. Taft
publicly indorsed and voted for the
Cox machine, which is still the dis-
graceful alliance of politics, corrupt
business and the brothels that it
was in 1905. But the President was
there with an excuse. He said that
"conditions had substantially been
changed."

Whatever the President was al-
luding to it was not the Cox ma-
chine, for it had remained as foul
as ever. The only change visible
to observe is that whereas six years
ago Mr. Taft was not a candidate
for office, he is today.

South May Desert Taft.

The prediction is made at the La-
Follette headquarters in Washing-
ton that the administration will find
it impossible to send a solid Taft
delegation from the South to the
next convention.

"For many weeks," says a state-
ment given out at the LaFollette
headquarters, "there has been signs
that the Southern Republicans have
been fearful that the nomination of
President Taft will be a serious
menace to their continued receipt
of bi-monthly checks from the Uni-
ted States treasury. The South is
affording the Progressive Campaign

Committee more encouragement
than any other section of the coun-
try.

War-Time Prices Outdistanced

It is no longer necessary to hark
back to war times as an era of ex-
ceptionally high prices. A Washing-
ton antiquarian has been at the
trouble to dig up a list of war-time
prices and compare them with the
Payne-Aldrich tariff prices at the
present time, as follows:

War time	Article	Present time
\$4-10	Bbl. flour	\$7.75
14c lb.	Hams	20c to 28c
8c to 12c lb.	Lard	12c to 15c
14c	Cheese	25c to 35c
10c to 18c	Sugar	5c to 8c
6 1-2 lb.	Beef	15c
5c lb.	Shoulders	20c
13c to 16c lb.	Coffee	20c to 40c

The Fashion is the best place to buy
your furnishings. We can supply
your needs.

SAD ACCIDENT WEST OF TOWN

TWO AND ONE-HALF-YEAR OLD
SON OF MR. AND MRS.
CHARLES SLAVENS, DROWNED
IN LESS THAN EIGHT INCHES
OF WATER.

AFFAIR IS MYSTERIOUS

One of the saddest accidents that
has happened in Putnam county in
many months occurred about 9:00
o'clock this morning when Cecil
Slavens, the two and one-half year
old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Slavens, who live on the John Quin-
lan farm, about four miles west of
town, was drowned in a small creek
near his home. The lad was found
by his father, who had been search-
ing for him for about thirty min-
utes. His body was lying in the
water, which at that place, was less
than eight inches deep.

The little boy and his pet dog
had left their home and wandered
toward the creek without the
knowledge of either Mr. or Mrs.
Slavens. About thirty minutes after
they left Mrs. Slavens, missing her
son, began a search for him. In
looking for her son she walked to-
wards the creek, but saw nothing of
him. Unable to find the missing
child the mother became alarmed
and called her husband, who was
shucking corn some distance away.

The father also went toward the
creek in his search. He was startled
to see the child's dog on the far
side of the creek. The actions of
the animal aroused the fear in the
father's breast that his son had
been drowned. A search of less
than a moment in the water. He pick-
ed the little body up and did all he
could to coax life back into it. Find-
ing that he could not he ran to the
home of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Sears,
a short distance away, and called Dr.
Tucker over the telephone.

Dr. Tucker made a hurried trip
to the home but found that the
little child had been dead for some
time. Dr. Tucker states that the
child more than likely was dead be-
fore the father found the body.

Dr. Tucker made an investigation
of the place where the child's body
was found. The creek is little more
than a spring drain and empties
into Little Walnut creek. The wa-
ter at the place the child was found
is not more than seven inches deep
and the creek depth for a distance
of more than ten feet each way is
not more than eight or nine inches.
The fact that a two and one-half
year old child could drown in seven
inches of water is astounding. There
were no bruises on the body to give
evidence that the child had fallen
hard enough to stun itself. Dr.
Tucker states that the child prob-
ably fell into the water, and, becom-
ing frightened, lay there and cried
until it got enough water into its
lungs to drown it.

Coroner Investigating.

Coroner Gillespie went to the
Slavens home Friday afternoon to
investigate the death of the child.
As the child, as far as is known,
was dead when found, it is neces-
sary for the coroner to investigate.

Large assortment of Ladies' and
Mens' Coat Sweaters. Sale now on
at the Fashion.

Wedding Invitations.

The following invitations have
been issued: "Reverend and Mas. L.
S. Smith invite you to be present
at the ceremony uniting in mar-
riage their daughter, Orpha Maud, to
Manfred Clinton Wright, on the
evening of Thursday, the thirteenth
of November, nineteen hundred
and eleven, at eight o'clock at the
College Avenue church." The young
couple will be at home at 116 South
street, West Lafayette, after Dec-
ember 21.

DR. M'CONNELL ON MORALITY

AS EVIDENCED IN AND BY COL-
LEGE STUDENTS—ASSERTS
THAT THERE IS MARKED IM-
PROVEMENT AND EVIL PRAC-
TICES HAVE DECREASED.

MUCH PRETENSE OF EVIL

At the meeting of the State As-
sociation of City and Town School Su-
perintendents, held at Indianapolis
on Thursday, Dr. F. J. McConnell,
President of DePauw University,
delivered an address defending the
general morality of college stu-
dents against the attacks of critics
that have been given wide publicity
in the recent past. In the course
of his remarks, Dr. McConnell ex-
plained, however, that college mor-
als, in divers instances, were "bad
enough."

The critics who attack morality
among college men are inclined to
take many things too seriously, Mr.
McConnell said, and often the acts
of students, as viewed by townspeo-
ple, magazine writers and other
critics, are not examples of immor-
ality, but, in fact, are only mani-
festations of the exuberant efferve-
scence of youth. To prove this, he
said, he had seen young theological
students—candidates for the minis-
try—singing that favored college
song, "Down With King Alcohol,"
and going through the motions of
drinking, when, in fact, none of
them ever tasted liquor and none
had a desire to do so.

"There is a great deal of pre-
tending to be tough among college
students and a good deal of singing,
which, in fact, do not reflect on the
morality of those who indulge in
it," said he. "Youngsters in college
like to shock people, but I have
found that one of the very best
rules is never to become shocked. If
there is any one around who will
be shocked the young men in col-
lege will shock him."

The college fraternity came in
for some criticism from Mr. Mc-
Connell, although he did not place
an unqualified stamp of disapproval
on all of them. All college organi-
zations, he said, should be under
the control of the colleges, al-
though he did not approve "fussing
and interfering." While approving
"Fraternities can be very good or
they can be a very bad thing, and
in a great many cases they are very
bad." He added that, through the
college organizations, the faculty in
a great many colleges has been
able to reach fraternity men who
become addicted to drink, but that
he himself has never been able to
reach a nonfraternity man who has
taken to drink.

Mr. McConnell was quite sure
there is not so much drinking
among college young men now as
there was twenty-five years ago.
That is due, he said, to a greater
general sense of honor among the
students now. Although drinking
has diminished, smoking has been
on the increase among college stu-
dents, he said.

While looking with disfavor on
some phases of the college frater-
nity, Mr. McConnell praised the
college athletics as they are now
administered saying athletics have
taken the place of pranks.

"The old prank of putting a cow
in the president's office we seldom
hear of any more," said he, "and
who has heard lately of the old
prank of taking a wagon apart and
putting it in the tower? Such
pranks among college students are
disappearing. It doesn't take much
brains to carry off an ash can when
no one is looking, and a great many
other pranks have been forgotten."

At the conclusion of Dr. McCon-
nell's talk he was asked by one of
the superintendents to give his
views on "high school fraternities,
and he said he was very much op-
posed to them. That led to a gen-
eral discussion of fraternities
among high school pupils, in the
course of which J. B. Pearey, super-
intendent of schools at Anderson,
remarked that he has found that
"any girl in the high school when
she wants to be bad, is worse than
any boy."

Some Figures on Corn.

Even where the land was well
tilled, kept clean and free from
weeds, the past has been a hard
summer for raising a good yield of
corn. The very best that could be
expected, where every stalk had an
ear on it, is not great. There are
3,555 hills on an acre when planted
3 1/2 feet each way; three stalks to
the acre, or 10,665 ears; count 120
ears to the bushel, if not one stalk
missed having an ear, would give
you 88 bushels to the acre. But no
one has done that well; hence, no
88 bushels to the acre, unless extra
care was given good rich corn-
growing soil.

Receiver Will Hold Place.

Judge Remster of the Marion Cir-
cuit Court Thursday refused to dis-
charge Charles Alcon, the receiver
for J. A. Witz(on the petition of
Witz and others and ordered the re-
ceivership continued. The court also
heard the evidence in the case
against Witz and others, filed by
way of an intervening petition by
Nimrod and Roy P. Wischhart of An-
derson, Ind. The plaintiffs alleged
they purchased land in Zavala
county, Texas, from Witz with the
understanding that it was situated
near an artesian well, and that a
clear title would be given. The
court found that there had been
misrepresentations and that the title
given was not good. The court or-
dered four notes held by Witz can-
celed, and enjoined Witz from con-
veying or transferring them to any-
one.—Indianapolis Star.

Doc Roller Falls to Win.

A special from Hooversville, New
York, says: "Charles Kaiser, a local
wrestler, defeated Dr. B. F. Roller
of Seattle in a handicap match here
last night. Roller agreed to throw
Kaiser twice in an hour, but suc-
ceeded but one fall, and that after 47
minutes' effort."

Attention Sir Knights.

Special convolve of Greencastle
Commandery No. 11 K. T. this even-
ing, November 10th at 7 o'clock for
biennial inspection. Every member
is requested to attend.

James McD. Hays, Recorder.
Richard S. Cowgill, E. C.

Mrs. Anna Moore spent Thursday
in Cloverdale.

THE "JUICE" OFF THE WIRES

THURSDAY NIGHT PEOPLE GOT
NEXT TO A STRONG CURRENT
OF ELECTRICITY IF THEY
CAME IN CONTACT WITH THE
FRONT OF THE CENTRAL NA-
TIONAL BANK.

POSSIBLY GROUNDED WIRE

Thursday night a strong current
of electricity charged the iron col-
umns, railings and stone work in
the front of the Central National
Bank building, and quite a number
of our citizens were shocked as a
result thereof. They were as much
surprised as they were shocked and
some were not at all backward in
expressing their opinions in regard
to the matter.

A number of boys discovered that
the current was not so strong at
the east front of the building and
they had great sport forming a
chain by clasping hands and per-
mitting the current to pass from
the building through this human
circuit, to the damp cement pave-
ment on which the outermost boy
stood.

Friday morning bright and early
electricians were at work searching
for the leak to the end that it might
be remedied.

D. C. Allen was a visitor to the
Indiana Apple show, at Indianap-
olis, Thursday.

Underwear of all kinds on sale at
the Fashion. Buy now.

OUR \$3.00 MENS SHOES



If you prefer moderate
price shoes, Sir, it will cer-
tainly be worth something
for you to know about the
excellence of our Three Dol-
lar Shoes!

You'll think our Three
Dollar Shoes are worth more
than we ask for them.

They're the BEST
\$3.00 SHOES THE
PRICE CAN BUY.

These shoes were made
to our order and for our trade
by a skillful Maker.

The leathers are Gun
Metal, Tan and Patent Colt.
The styles are just the same
as we show in our higher
priced Shoes.

Button, Lace or Bluchers.
Every size and width.

Try a pair of these Shoes,
Sir, and we're sure you'll
find them to be the best
Three Dollar Shoes that
you ever wore.

CHRISTIES

The Best is Always
Here



YOUR FIRST \$1,000

is the hardest to accumulate. After you have succeeded in sav-
ing a Thousand dollars the rest is easy sailing.

We Will Help You get the first Thousand

Open a Savings Account and deposit regularly, every week
or month. We will loan you a bank to catch the small change,
and pay you three per cent interest, Jan. 1 and July 1 of each year

You can Start With a Small Account

CENTRAL TRUST CO.

Notice to Bondholders

Persons holding Gravel Road Bonds
and other bonds, upon which interest is
payable on November 15, 1911, are re-
quested to bring the coupons to the Cen-
tral National Bank for collection on or
before that date.

For the Rainy Day-- And the Day After--

A Rain Coat is almost and an indispens-
ible garment in a woman's wardrobe—
And the Rain Coats that are thought good
this season are so reasonable in price that it's no
hardship to pay for a good serviceable Rain Coat.
We show Ladies' Rain Coats, Tans and
Greys, \$3.98, \$5.00, \$10.00 and \$15.00.
All new and bought within the past two weeks.

Rain Capes--

For School Girls—reds, blues and plaids--
a good serviceable garment to protect the girls'
dresses from the rain and snow—\$2.50.

Umbrellas--

For School Girls--as cheap as 50c.
For Ladies - \$1.00 will buy a good looking, fast
color, serviceable Umbrella—mission handle—
Other Ladies' Umbrellas are \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50
and upwards.

In the Shoe Room--

Good Sturdy Street Shoes—
Rubbers of all sorts for men, women and children.

Allen Brothers.

THE HERALD

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LODGE MEETINGS.

Below is to be found the regular meeting time of the various lodges in Greencastle: Greencastle Subordinate I. O. O. F. No. 148, Wednesday evening. Modern Woodmen, Tuesday evening. Greencastle Encampment, I. O. O. F. No. 59, 1st and 3rd Friday evening of each month.

THE MARKETS.

(Corrected Daily.)

HOGS
Best heavies, 210 lbs and upward \$6.25@6.50
Medium and mixed 120 lbs and upward 6.15@6.30

BEST STEERS
Common to medium, 1,200 lbs and upward 6.25@7.15
Good to choice steers, 1,100 to 1,200 lbs. 7.15@8.00

STOCK CATTLE
Extra choice feeding steers, 900 to 1,000 lbs. 5.00@5.25
Good feeding steers, 600 to 1,000 lbs. 4.50@4.75

BUTCHER CATTLE
Good to choice heifers 5.25@6.00
Fair to medium 4.25@5.00
Common to light 3.00@4.00

SHEEP AND LAMBS
Poor to best lambs 5.00@5.50
Common to medium 3.00@4.75
Good to choice yearlings 3.75@4.00

Notice to Non-Residents.
The State of Indiana, Putnam County, ss:
In the Putnam Circuit Court, September Term, 1911.

Notice to Gravel Road Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, made at a regular session of said board, held on the 6th day of November, 1911, sealed bids will be received by the commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, at the Auditor's office, in the City of Greencastle, said County and State, on Saturday, December 2nd, 1911, for the improvement of 2648 1/2 feet of gravel road in Franklin township, said County and State, according to the plans and specifications now on file in the Auditor's office, at Greencastle, Indiana.

All bids must be filed in strict accordance with law governing the same and must be filed with County Auditor, not later than 11 o'clock a. m., December 2nd, 1911, when bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond of double the amount of said bid.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to award the contract according to the law and equity of the bids filed. GEORGE E. RAINES, A. M. GARDNER, JAMES E. HOUCK, Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana. (Seal.) D. V. MOFFETT, Auditor Putnam County, Greencastle, Ind., Nov. 7th 1911. 3t-S-D—Nov. 10th.

For pains in the side or chest dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Liniment and send it on over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

A fine line of gents' gloves at the Fashion.

PURE ICE MANUFACTURED
We are prepared to serve our patrons with a good quality of manufactured ice ever day. CALL PHONE 257.

Gardner Bros.

I LOVE MY JAM BUT OH! YOU...



THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE

GOOD NEWS.

Many Greencastle Readers Have Heard It and Profited Thereby.

"Good news travels fast," and the thousands of bad back sufferers in Greencastle are glad to learn that prompt relief is within their reach. Many a lame, weak, aching back is had no more, thanks to Doan's Kidney Pills. Our citizens are telling the good news of their experience with the Old Quaker Remedy. Here is an example worth reading: Mrs. Ellen Paxton, 515 E. Washington St., Greencastle, Ind., says: "I suffered a great deal from kidney complaint, especially during the winter. I had severe pains in my back and was often laid up for days at a time. My kidneys were weak and failed to do their work as they should. About three months ago I procured Doan's Kidney Pills at the Jones-Stevens Co.'s Drug Store and began their use as I had heard so many favorable reports about them. They relieved me promptly and I have been in much better health since. I consider Doan's Kidney Pills the best kidney remedy to be had."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Millburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Notice to Non-Residents.

The State of Indiana, Putnam County, ss:
In the Putnam Circuit Court, November Term, 1911.

Hazel Cassidy vs. Claude Cassidy. Complaint No. 8157.
Now comes the plaintiff by Jackson Boyd, her attorney, and files her complaint herein, for divorce, together with an affidavit that said defendant, Claude Cassidy, is a non-resident of the State of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given said defendant that unless he be and appear on the 4th day of the next Term of the Putnam Circuit Court, the same being the 28th day of December, A. D. 1911, at the Court House in the City of Greencastle, in said County and State, and answer or demur to said complaint, the same will be heard and determined in his absence.

Witness my name and the seal of said court, affixed at the City of Greencastle, this 21st day of October, A. D. 1911. ARTHUR J. HAMRICK, Clerk. Jackson Boyd, Plff's Atty. 4t-S-D—Nov. 3.

To feel strong, have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock Blood Bitters, the great system tonic and builder.

The congregation of the Baptist church will meet at the church this evening to consider the advisability of retaining Rev. Shouse to devote all of his time to the local church. Dr. Shouse is now dividing his time between the Greencastle church and the church at Hazelwood. If the congregation is able to raise sufficient funds Dr. Shouse will be called to devote his entire time to the local church.

Our line of \$1.00 shirts with collars to match is the best we have ever shown. Buy your supply at the Fashion.

How's Your Liver?
If it isn't working right you can get sure, quick and permanent relief by using VELAXO a purely vegetable laxative and liver tablet for the cure of constipation, dyspepsia, stomach and liver troubles. Don't go home without a box tonight. All drug stores, 25 cents. DeKalb Drug & Chem. Co., DeKalb, Ill. A. Cook Drug Co., Greencastle.

Saved Many From Death.

W. L. Mock, of Mock, Ark., believes he has saved many lives in his 25 years of experience in the drug business. "What I always like to do," he writes, "is to recommend Dr. King's New Discovery for weak, sore lungs, hard colds, hoarseness, obstinate coughs, la grippe, croup, asthma or other bronchial affection, for I feel sure that a number of my neighbors are alive and well today because they took my advice to use it. I honestly believe its the best throat and lung medicine that's made." Easy to prove he's right. Get a trial bottle free, or regular 50c or \$1.00 bottle. Guaranteed by the Owl Drug store.

NOTICE TO MACADAM ROAD CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, made at a regular session of said board, held on the 6th day of November, 1911, sealed bids will be received by the commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, at the Auditor's office, in the City of Greencastle, said County and State, on Saturday, December 2nd, 1911, for the improvement of 12,182 2-10ths feet of macadam road in Franklin Township, said County and State, according to the plans and specifications now on file in the Auditor's office, at Greencastle, Indiana. Said road embracing and being known as the James D. Stover, et al., proposed free macadamized road.

All bids must be filed in strict accordance with law governing the same and must be filed with County Auditor, not later than 11 o'clock a. m., December 2nd, 1911, when bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond of double the amount of said bid.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to award the contract according to the law and equity of the bids filed. GEORGE E. RAINES, A. M. GARDNER, JAMES E. HOUCK, Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana. (Seal.) D. V. MOFFETT, Auditor Putnam County, Greencastle, Ind., November 7, 1911. 3t-S-D—Nov. 10th.

Starts Much Trouble.

If all people knew that neglect of constipation would result in severe indigestion, yellow jaundice or virulent liver trouble, they would take Dr. King's New Life Pills, and end it. Its the only safe way. Best for biliousness, headache, dyspepsia, chills and debility. 25c at the Owl Drug store.

NOTICE TO MACADAM ROAD CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, made at a regular session of said board, held on the 6th day of November, 1911, sealed bids will be received by the commissioners of Putnam county, Indiana, at the Auditor's office, in the City of Greencastle, said County and State, on Saturday, December 2nd, 1911, for the improvement of 3100 feet of macadam road in Greencastle Township, said County and State, according to the plans and specifications, now on file in the Auditor's office, at Greencastle, Indiana. Said road embracing and being known as the Joe M. Allen, et al., proposed free macadamized road.

All bids must be filed in strict accordance with law governing the same and must be filed with County Auditor, not later than 11 o'clock a. m., December 2nd, 1911, when bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond of double the amount of said bid.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to award the contract according to the law and equity of the bids filed. GEORGE E. RAINES, A. M. GARDNER, JAMES E. HOUCK, Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana. (Seal.) D. V. MOFFETT, Auditor Putnam County, Greencastle, November 7th, 1911. 3t-S-D—Nov. 10.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do not sicken or gripe, and may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate woman or the youngest child. The old and feeble will also find them a most suitable remedy for aiding and strengthening their weakened digestion and for regulating the bowels. For sale by all dealers.

ADVERTISE IN THE HERALD

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All drug-gists sell it.

NOTICE TO MACADAM ROAD CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, made at a regular session of said board, held on the 6th day of November, 1911, sealed bids will be received by the commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, at the Auditor's office, in the City of Greencastle, said County and State, on Saturday, December 2nd, 1911, for the improvement of 11,125 2-10ths feet of macadam road in Franklin Township, said County and State, according to the plans and specifications now on file in the Auditor's office, at Greencastle, Indiana. Said road embracing and being known as the John H. Stultz, et al., proposed free macadamized road.

All bids must be filed in strict accordance with law governing the same and must be filed with County Auditor, not later than 11 o'clock a. m., December 2nd, 1911, when bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond of double the amount of said bid.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to award the contract according to the law and equity of the bids filed. GEORGE E. RAINES, A. M. GARDNER, JAMES E. HOUCK, Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana. (Seal.) D. V. MOFFETT, Auditor Putnam County, Greencastle, Ind., November 7, 1911. 3t-S-D—Nov. 10th.

"I am pleased to recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as the best thing I know of and safest remedy for coughs, colds and bronchial trouble," writes Mrs. L. B. Arnold of Denver, Colo. "We have used it repeatedly and it has never failed to give relief." For sale by all dealers.

NOTICE TO MACADAM ROAD CONTRACTORS.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to an order of the Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, made at a regular session of said board, held on the 6th day of November, 1911, sealed bids will be received by the commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana, at the Auditor's office, in the City of Greencastle, said County and State, on Saturday, December 2nd, 1911, for the improvement of 775 2-10ths feet of macadam road in Greencastle Township, said County and State, according to the plans and specifications now on file in the Auditor's office, at Greencastle, Indiana. Said road embracing and being known as the Charles B. McFerrin, et al., proposed free macadamized road.

All bids must be filed in strict accordance with law governing the same and must be filed with County Auditor, not later than 11 o'clock a. m., December 2nd, 1911, when bids will be opened and contract awarded. Each bid must be accompanied by a bond of double the amount of said bid.

The board reserves the right to reject any and all bids and to award the contract according to the law and equity of the bids filed. GEORGE E. RAINES, A. M. GARDNER, JAMES E. HOUCK, Board of Commissioners of Putnam County, Indiana. (Seal.) D. V. MOFFETT, Auditor Putnam County, Greencastle, Ind., November 7, 1911.

A lazy liver leads to chronic dyspepsia and constipation—weakens the whole system. Doan's Regulets (25 cents per box) correct the liver tone the stomach, cure constipation.

Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors, heirs and legatees of Margaret C. Farrow, deceased, to appear in the Putnam Circuit court, held at Greencastle, Indiana, on the 4th day of December, 1911, and show cause, if any, why the Final Settlement Accounts with the estate of said decedent should not be approved; and said heirs are notified to then and there make proof of heirship, and receive their distributive shares.

Witness, The Clerk of said Court, this 3rd day of November, 1911. ARTHUR J. HAMRICK, Clerk Putnam Circuit Court. 3t-S-D—Nov. 10th.

Cures baby's croup. Willie's dally cuts and bruises, mamma's sore throat, grandma's lameness—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—the great household remedy.



Stove Opportunity

We are CLOSING OUT our entire line of Buck's Heating Stoves at

Greatly Reduced Prices

The stoves are the best to be had, and can be bought right--Think of it--you can buy Stoves now at Clearance Season prices.

E. B. LYNCH WEST SIDE SQUARE

Good Groceries

At Hazelett's For Good Groceries

MONEY TO LOAN

On Household Goods and Pianos, Horses, Wagons, Etc.

Prompt and Private

We also make loans to farmers on their stock and implements until crops can be marketed. AGENT IN OFFICE EVERY THURSDAY.

BRAZIL LOAN CO. Corner of Vine and Washington Streets. GREENCASTLE INDIANA

Important Change in Time Table.

Brazil Division, T. H. I. & E. Trac. Co., Effective Sunday, August 27th. East Bound West Bound 6 am local 5:45 am local 7:04 am limited 6:45 am local 8:15 am local 7:45 am local 9:27 am limited 8:35 am limited 10:15 am local 9:46 am local 11:27 am limited 10:38 am limited 12:15 pm local 11:46 am local 1:27 pm limited 12:58 pm limited 2:15 pm local 1:46 pm local 3:27 pm limited 2:38 pm limited 4:15 pm local 3:46 pm local 5:27 pm limited 4:38 pm limited 6:15 pm local 5:46 pm local 7:27 pm limited 6:38 pm limited 8:15 pm local 7:46 pm local 9:19 pm limited 9:30 pm limited 11:02 pm local 10:37 pm local 12:35 am local 1:00 pm local

When you want to Buy or Sell call up the only up-to-date Second Hand Store in this town

Full line of Hardware, all kind of Stoves and Furniture repaired. JOHN RILEY No. 721-723 Main St. PHONE 134

New Business Deal

Phone No. 50. For rubber tired cabs for all trains or city calls, day or night. Price 15 cents. Prompt service. Positively guaranteed at all times. Give us your call and we will do the rest. Cabs for parties and funerals on short notice. HARRY COLLINS.

FERD LUCAS Dealer In

Real Estate, Insurance and Coal No. 21 South Indiana Street, Greencastle, Ind. : : Phone 254.

MONON ROUTE TIME TABLE.

South Bound. No. 3 Louisville Mail 2:30 am No. 5 Louisville Express ... 2:28 pm No. 11 Laf. Fch Lck Acco. 8:25 am No. 9 Laf. French Lck Ac. 5:23 pm North Bound. No. 4 Chicago Mail 1:54 am No. 6 Chicago Express 1:28 pm No. 10 Laf. French Lck Ac. 9:55 am No. 12 Laf. French Lck Ac. 5:48 pm Freight trains will not carry passengers. All trains run daily. Phone 59. J. D. ELLIS, Agent.

CANDIDATE ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Sheriff

Edward H. Eiteljorge of Clinton township announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

M. C. Kelly of Greencastle township announces that he is a candidate for Sheriff of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

Theodore Boes, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Coroner

E. B. Lynch of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for Coroner of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Treasurer

Ernest McHaffie, of Mill Creek township, announces that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

Theodore Raab, of Washington township, announces that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

H. H. Runyan of Jefferson township, announces that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

W. J. Bunten of Marion township announces that he is a candidate for Treasurer of Putnam county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner [1st District]

H. Witt Sutherland of Russell township announces that he is a candidate for Commissioner of District No. 1, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Commissioner (2nd District)

John A. Detrick, of Greencastle township, announces that he is a candidate for Commissioners of the Second District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

J. W. Williamson, of Madison township, announces that he is a candidate for Commissioner of Putnam county, District No. 2, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

James B. Bunten of Marion township announces that he is a candidate for Commissioner of the 2d District, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

For Representative

Paul Hill of Greencastle township announces that he is a candidate for Representative, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE NOTICES

Jackson Township. I will be at my home in Jackson Township every Friday to transact the business of my office as trustee. BENJAMIN WALLS.

Floyd Township. My office day will be Wednesday of each week at my residence. FRED TODD, Trustee

Jefferson Township. I will be at my residence each Friday to transact the business of my office. OLIVER STRINGER.

Marion Township. I will be at my residence in Marion Township on Friday of each week and Tuesday at Fillmore to transact the business of my office. OTTO B. RECTOR.

Madison Township. I will be at my office at my residence each Wednesday and Saturday to transact the business of Trustee of Madison Township. WILL STROUBE.

Mill Creek Township. I will be at my home in Mill Creek Township on Wednesday and Saturday of each week to transact the business of my office. ERNEST KIVETT, Trustee.

A Noble Heart.

The owner of Quincaine Castle, a fair girl of one-and-twenty, stood by a casement one October morning, watching the rising tide. Between the window where Nora Sullivan stood and the waves there appeared to intervene only a few yards of green lawn, studded by great patches of scarlet geraniums and fringed by fuchsias, the sprays of which drooped to meet the rising waters. It seemed as if a piece of floating seaweed might be gathered by any one standing on the green bank; but in reality the cliff abruptly descended about thirty feet—a depth which in rough weather the waves easily swept over, rising at high tide to dash across the flower beds, and at some seasons, when the Atlantic outside was dangerous, to send light spray even against the window panes.

Each tower of Quincaine Castle commanded a fair scene; but there was no enjoyment in Nora Sullivan's face as she dreamily watched the rising tide. She had been standing there some minutes, when the door opened, and there entered the drawing room a lady whose delicate features, Nora had inherited though the contrast was great between the fair proportions and rose-tinted cheeks of the daughter and the mother's fragile form and pallid face. Mrs. Sullivan's health had been injured by residing with the soldier husband in various unhealthy climates; and now she longed for bracing breezes, and languished in the enervating air of Quincaine; while Nora loved the soft atmosphere in which she had been brought up by her father's sister.

As Mrs. Sullivan advanced toward the window, her daughter turned and greeted her with a smile. "Mother," she said gaily, "I haven't shown you the present that was sent me this morning!" And as she spoke, she drew from a case a gold bracelet set with shamrocks, each formed of three emeralds. "Wasn't it kind of Mr. Mordaunt to think of the very thing I should like best, and have it made on purpose for me? Aren't the dear little shamrocks lovely?"

"They're splendid, Nora! Those large emeralds must be immensely valuable. And such a pretty idea! But why do you call him 'Mr. Mordaunt'?" "Oh, 'John,' of course! I'm hardly used to it yet. You've not half examined my bracelet. Look at my initials in diamonds on the clasp!" "Yes, dear, they are magnificent." Then, after a pause, Mrs. Sullivan added doubtfully, "And you love the giver, Nora?" With a glance in which there was a world of tender anxiety. "Of course I love him! Am I not going to marry him?"

"You speak so lightly, Nora! My child, do you really love John Mordaunt, as I loved your dear father, with all your heart?" "Ah, you romantic darling! I love John in a sensible way; and he loves me the better for it." Mrs. Sullivan sighed. "Be sure of this, my dear—if a girl marries for money or position, or from any motive but the right one true love—she sells herself into slavery, and undertakes duties she cannot perform."

"Why, mother, John Mordaunt is a man of whom any girl might be proud!" And, turning away, she tripped lightly from the room. But the moment she was beyond reach of her mother's questioning eyes she moved wearily, leaning on the balustrade as she went upstairs. She had no sooner gained her room than she fastened the door, flung from her the emerald bracelet, and stretched herself on the bed. "What mother says is true," she murmured; "and yet life should not be slavery with such a man."

The young Englishman to whom Nora referred was stalwart and handsome; his eyes told of the kindness of his heart, and his simple, straightforward manner was eloquent of his truthfulness. Mordaunt was the son of a London merchant who had left him a place in the New Forest and forty thousand pounds a year. It was not, however, any selfish ambition which had tempted Nora to become his promised wife. She believed that nothing but change to the air of her native England could save her mother's life; and the way of obtaining this change was through her own marriage with a rich man. Mrs. Sullivan possessed little besides the pension of a colonel's widow; and Nora, with thirty thousand acres of bog and barren mountain, was but just able to live in Quincaine Castle and maintain a modest establishment hardly in keeping with the outward appearance of the place.

The girl sighed as she came to this conclusion, for, instead of the blue eyes and golden hair of the Englishman, she saw in imagination the face of the boy-lover who, when she was scarcely more than a child, had placed on her finger the little forget-me-not ring she had worn ever since. He had never renewed the vows he made her then—never at least in words—for he was a younger son, and had nothing but his Army pay, and she was half ruined by reductions of rent, and, worst still, by the

non-payment of even the reduced sum. She had long since realized that marriage with a lieutenant in a line regiment was, even for his sake, not to be thought of; but in her love-dreams there were endless possibilities. Gerald McCarthy would distinguish himself; unusual opportunities would fall in his way; and he would win the V. C.; he would gain rapid promotion! She never realized how she had clung to such vague hopes until she had consented to resign them. No fits of passionate sorrow moved her; but with those vague hopes her youth seemed to have passed away. She was no longer light-hearted, merry Nora Sullivan, but a sensible girl. The life that lay before her was monotonously prosperous, uninteresting, and dull—her heart refused to brighten her anticipations with the light of love—but she told herself that she would strive to do her best. She was a soldier's daughter. "Honor" and "Duty" should be her watchwords.

She drew from her finger the little forget-me-not ring, kissed it with tears in her eyes, and then put it away in a secret drawer of her dressing case. As she turned the key on this moment of days that could never return, there was a knock at her bedroom door, and on opening it, she faced Lizzy, the little housemaid. "If ye please, miss, there's Biddy Shehan asking if ye'll give her a penny to buy a pinch of tobacco, and there's Kitty O'Donovan begging for a dram of milk for her children that have all got the chin cough."

"Let her have it, Lizzy; and tell Biddy I'll bring the tobacco this afternoon." Later in the day she looked for Mordaunt's pouch, which she remembered he had left on the hall table, and, finding it well filled, she took a small quantity of the tobacco to Biddy Shehan's cottage. Biddy Shehan was not a tenant of Nora's; the wall which divided Nora's land from that of a neighbor had been raised a little to form the back of the old woman's cabin, which had no windows, the doorway being the only opening to the one room which constituted the habitation. Biddy lived in it rent free, in consideration of the dangerous state of the roof, which, whenever the wind was high, threatened to fall in and bury the occupant alive.

"Why, Biddy, you've been getting your cabin repaired?" exclaimed Nora, as she entered and found the dilapidated roof carefully propped up and made secure by the stems of young fir trees. The evening was far advanced when John Mordaunt stood in the porch of his dwelling and watched the departure of his friend, a professor of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was staying at Killarney and had spent the day with him. For the first time Mordaunt sped the parting guest without regret; and, as the car turned up the little road, he ran down to his boat, and in a few minutes was pulling across the bay to Quincaine.

As he rowed, he looked back at the small fishing boat he had hired of Nora's agent, who had been his schoolfellow at Marlborough, and smiled to think how, coming as a stranger from England, he had imagined the owner to be a lady of advanced years, and how, when his neighbors had called on him and he had met her at a tennis party, he had fallen in love with her then and there, mistaking her for the mistress of Quincaine.

Looking up at the drawing room window, he knew that Nora had heard the turn of the sculls in the water, and their splash in the water, and for a moment she stood aside, and for a moment she drew them, plainly visible in the lighted room; then the curtain fell. Was she coming to meet him? Yes! As he reached the landing place, she stood there in the moonlight, and greeted him with outstretched hand, saying— "I thought you were not coming at all to-day."

"Did you miss me, darling?" said Mordaunt; and he pressed his lips to her cheek. Mordaunt then produced a letter from his mother to Mrs. Sullivan, asking her to pay a visit to the Lodge in the New Forest. "My mother promises to take the greatest care of her," he said, "if she will but come at once without losing a day. Will you help me to persuade her Nora?"

As he spoke, they entered the hall, and the light fell on Nora's face as she turned to him, her eyes beaming. Mrs. Sullivan thought she could not undertake the journey; but, after a long conversation, her fears were overcome, and it was arranged that Mordaunt should telegraph the next morning that she and her daughter, escorted by himself, would leave Quincaine for Heathcote Lodge in three days. "I am glad we shall be here on Tuesday," said Nora, "because of Mrs. Wilmott's dance."

She claimed her for the national dance, which at Mrs. Wilmott's always preceded supper. Mordaunt was delighted to see her so gay, and he watched her movements as she executed with the greatest rapidity the most elaborate steps. Her color rose, the music quickened, and quicker gleamed the white bugles on the little shoes. When she returned to the bishop's wife, who had constituted herself Nora's chaperon, her eyes were sparkling and the roses were glowing in her cheeks.

"I never saw an Irish reel before," said Mordaunt. "It is very pretty—quite charming; but are you not very tired?" "Not a bit!" was Nora's answer, as she took her fan from him. "I should like to go for once to a great ball during the London season," she said. "We will go to as many as you please; it will not bore me to do so as often as you like, provided you keep some round dances for me."

"I have no idea whether I should not be bored myself, you know. I might not—!" She stopped, and a change passed over her countenance. "I might not—might not like them." Mordaunt followed the direction of her gaze, but noted nothing remarkable about the group of men standing near the door at whom she was looking. Then he glanced at Nora, and saw that the blood had mounted to her temples and suffused with a hot blush her cheeks and her neck. It was but for a moment; then she turned deathly pale.

"You are not well," said Mordaunt, anxiously. "Nora," he exclaimed, bending over her. "Are you faint? What is it?" With a great effort, she controlled herself. "I do feel ill; I should like a glass of water. They are going in to supper; will you take me?"

He drew her hand within his arm, and when they reached the supper room, he placed her in a chair, watching her pale face with alarm. "Here is water; but would not champagne do you more good? You are tired; it was the reel. Do have some grapes!" She took them; they moistened the lips that had so suddenly become dry, and her voice had almost regained its natural tone when she said— "I wish you would take supper yourself, and I will sit here and rest; the reel must have tired me a little."

She glanced up at him as she spoke, and he was reminded of a day in the New Forest, when a stag that a minute before had been "a thing of beauty, a joy to see," turned on the hounds with wild despair, and eyes so piteous as to fill him with compassion. What had happened to his Nora? Very soon the bishop's wife found the supper room too warm, and rose to leave it, followed by Nora, who took Mordaunt's proffered arm.

As they entered the dancing room, a man, one of the group that Mordaunt had observed, who was now alone, leaning against the chimney piece, came straight to Nora with a commonplace greeting. "Will you dance?" he said. "Of course your card is full, but this is an extra raise; and he led her away, Mordaunt's eyes following them as they went. "A soldier-like young fellow," he thought; "and he has the brown eyes and the dark mustache and hair which it is said fair women admire."

The young soldier was speaking eagerly. "I did not hear of this dance till late in the afternoon, and it was almost impossible to get leave; but I knew you would be here, and I would have come at any cost. And now tell me, Nora, if—it is true." She was unable to answer him; his arm was round her, and she felt that he was trembling. His eyes looked into hers, and read the answer there. He became silent; he turned his head, from hers, he danced mechanically. Suddenly he said, in vehement tones— "I can't waltz to that hateful tune! Come out with me; this room is stifling!"

He strode to the door, tightly pressing Nora's hand against his side. They went into the garden, where a long stretch of lawn sloped down to the bay, and he hurried her into the deep shade of the trees. "Nora, how can I bear it?" His one of despair gave her strength to speak; she forgot herself in thinking of him. "Dear Gerald, we were almost children in the old days, you and I. And now really what could I do? It was different when mother was—'eh. Old Nobby—her trustee, you know—robbed her of all she had, and I too have become poor."

emotion grew more intense. "I cannot break my word." "No—you would rather break my heart!" She started. "There is the sound of footsteps behind us. We can stay here no longer; take me back to the house." "Take me back, Gerald! If you will not give me your arm, I will go alone."

They walked in silence to the house and, with a smile on her pale lips, Nora returned to the seat she had occupied before. Gerald stood erect before her. "My leave will be over by the time I reach barracks in the morning. We start for Egypt in three days. Good-by!"

Nora placed her hand in his, and her upturned glance seemed to plead for reconciliation as she said "Good-by!" He gave her a last reproachful look, then bade his hostess farewell, and a few minutes later had mounted the horse that was waiting for him. After a while Mordaunt came to Nora. "They are going to have a cotillon; but you are doubtless too tired to dance."

"I shall dance no more to-night; I am much too tired." "Shall I order your car?" He went out, returning in a short time to conduct Nora to her car and see her well wrapped up. There was scarcely a shade of difference in his manner, but the change sufficient to be felt; his face was set and stern. "I shall walk home," he said to his groom, who ventured to remind him of his ulster, which he had evidently forgotten.

When Mordaunt left Mrs. Wilmott's grounds, he crossed the road and took his way along the rocky land which lay between road and mountain. He walked slowly, for he was thinking deeply. Did Nora love the good-looking young soldier? Had she broken faith with him, and why? It was not, he was sure, for the sake of position or wealth that she had rejected his rival and accepted him; of all unworthy motives he acquitted his darling. He recalled the incidents of his wooing; every look and word had proved her straightforward, good and true. She had never affected a warmth she did not feel; but latterly had she not seemed suddenly to occur to him that it was always after some thought of his for her mother that her eyes had beamed on him, her hand had sought his.

"Is the child sacrificing herself for her mother's sake?" The thought went to his heart with the pain of a sword thrust. The night was far advanced before he had decided to endure the consequences of this discovery. If she loved another, she must be set free; but how? Was he to throw her back upon her poverty? That was out of all question. As he wandered aimlessly, the moon became obscured by drifting clouds and wind arose, shaking the trees and whistling among the branches. He started as a low melancholy wail seemed to issue from one of the rocks which rose in every direction from the uneven ground. He stood to listen, giving a keen glance around him. It was a human voice. He strode to the place where it seemed to come, and beheld a dark form huddled up behind the nearest crag.

"Wraithstrue, wraithstrue!" cried the wailing voice. "Are you hurt? Can I help you?" said Mordaunt. "Och, but it's the kind gentleman! If yer honor, sir, would help a poor old cratur to git up from the arth, the saints would bless ye!" She added, as Mordaunt raised her to her feet, "I thank yer honor! Heaven prosper ye and yer family; and the dear young lady that favors ye—Heaven bless her!"

"My good creature, save your breath; you're very weak. Why, I believe it's Biddy Shehan!" "Shure and it's owld Biddy! But I'm bad—very bad; I'll not last the night!" "Oh, yes, you will! Come to your cabin; you're close to it. Come on—you shall not fall."

Biddy was numbed, however, with lying for hours in the night air, and finding she could scarcely stand, Mordaunt took the fragile creature in his arms, carried her to her cabin, and laid her on her bed. It was a clean and comfortable bed that Nora had given her. "I'll strike a light if you've a candle at hand," said he; and, looking by the light of a match along a shelf where stood saucers and crockery in neat order, he found a thin candle with a thick black wick. Then he felt in his ulster pockets and much to his satisfaction, discovered his flask. "I am going to give you something that will put new life into you, Biddy," he said, as he poured some brandy into a cup.

and I'll not want it onst I'm buried. It's all for Miss Nora, if yer honor'll take her the will. I've put it in my box 'twixt the mattress and the bed." "Lie still; I'll get the box;" and Mordaunt produced it. Raising the lid, he found in certain square receptacles for cotton sundry sovereigns wrapped in bits of newspapers, some Irish one-pound notes, and, under the larger lift, Mike Shehan's will, enclosed in a lawyer's letter, the contents of which Mordaunt read with amazement.

"Why, Biddy, your brother has left you upwards of ten thousand pounds!" "Oh, it's a rich lady that she'll be, and keep up the owld Castle as their honors did in the fine owld times! Ochone that I'll not live to see it!" With the aid of a village attorney, Biddy's "last will and testament" was soon drawn up and attested; but the old woman almost immediately afterwards expired.

Until late in the afternoon Nora did not hear of Biddy's death. She was unaware up to that time that the old woman had been ill. It distressed her that she had not bid her humble friend farewell, but she had little time for regret on that score, for across the waters of the bay Mordaunt's skiff came flying before the wind, and she wondered how he would meet her and what he would have to say.

She did not go to meet him, as of late had been her custom; and he was announced by the servant like an ordinary visitor. It was no new departure for Mordaunt to content himself with taking Nora's hand; then he sat down beside her and spoke of Biddy's death. It was a relief to both that they had something to talk about so far from the doubts that lay deep in the heart of each. "Oh, poor Biddy! Am I heir to her piipe and pinch of tea?"

Mordaunt produced the work box. "I gave her that old box full of cottons when I was a little girl," said Nora, with tears in her eyes. "But how could she beg," she added, as the sovereigns fell out into her lap? "Forty-two pounds in gold and one pound notes was found in the various receptacles for working materials; and at last, under the lid, Nora discovered Mike Shehan's will. Ten thousand pounds! Years had passed since the owners of Quincaine possessed so much. Nora had known enough of privation to feel in the first moment of possession a great joy, which shone in her dark gray eyes; and then arose the bitter thought that, had this little fortune come to her but three months before, she might now have been the wife of Gerald McCarthy.

The light in her eyes died out. It was too late; the gates of joy were closed for her forever, and she felt herself an impostor, giving mere friendship in exchange for passionate love. She could not bear the restraint of Mordaunt's presence, and, saying she would go and tell her mother the good news, she escaped for a few minutes to the solitude of her chamber. She returned with Mrs. Sullivan, to whom the history of Biddy's work box was repeated; and then came dinner time, and the evening wore away, while Mordaunt told Nora and her mother of Mike Shehan's big store in Chicago, and other particulars of his wealth, gleaned from letters found in Biddy's possession. Then Nora stood on the quay to see Mordaunt off, and there seemed no difference in their relations; but both knew that they were hiding in their hearts thoughts that one day would find utterance.

The next morning they all started for England. Nora and her mother were welcomed by Mrs. Mordaunt, a stylish old lady in faultless attire, whose conventional manner made Nora glad they were not to live together. Yet a fortnight passed smoothly under Mrs. Mordaunt's roof, consideration for the taste and wishes of her guests being part of her creed. One day Mordaunt found Nora sitting alone and distressed by her pale face, he said— "How tired you look, my darling! What have you been doing?" "I went with Mrs. Mordaunt to the lake, and then we fed the gold and silver pheasants, and I tired myself, though the distance was nothing."

"You would not have been tired if you had gone to watch your herons fishing in the bay, or crossed the bridge and heard the curlews cry." "Perhaps not. How well you understand me!" Her pleasant smile and tone made it hard for him to utter the words he had come to say. "I understand you a little too well for my peace. Dearest, you are miserable, and I fear at times it is not I who can make you happy."

Nora could not reply immediately. She saw the possibility of freedom, but it would be bought by a broken word. Mordaunt waited patiently, though his pulses were already throbbing with the pain of separation, for he could see no hopeful sign in her downcast face. Suddenly, however, she raised her eyes to his—the beautiful dark eyes he loved so well—and said— "I shall be more cheerful by-and-by. I know you love me, dear, and I will be true to you."

"I leave home to-day, Nora," said he; and the effort of self control made his voice stern. He strode to the door, then turned and said, in softer tones, "I will let you know where I am, and should you ever telegraph to me the one word 'Come,' I will return to you, my dearest, from the ends of the earth! Good-by!"

Another month saw her established in a cottage on a bracing cliff where Mrs. Sullivan slowly recovered her health; and Nora blessed Biddy Shehan's memory for the fortune which had enabled her to leave Ireland for a season. Three years later, Nora returned to Quincaine, and had fallen into a melancholy reverie. There seemed to be no bright hope before her. Mordaunt was still a wanderer in distant lands; Gerald had been lamed by a gunshot wound.

She was now in the drawing room conversing with Lizzie, the housemaid. "An' it's me as left the door open!" cried Lizzie, suddenly running into the hall, where a footfall alternated with the tap of crutches. "Is Miss Sullivan at home?" said a voice which made Nora spring from the sofa with a cry of joy; then she steadied herself by grasping the back of a chair, for her heart was beating so wildly that she could scarcely breathe.

The next moment she had flown to meet Gerald McCarthy; and he, contrived, in spite of lameness and crutches, to hold her in his arms, while Lizzie discreetly disappeared. "Can you care for such a damaged article as those Arabs fellows have made me?" "Yes, dearest, yes!" she replied, with passionate kisses on his lips. The next day, as they were sitting together in Nora's morning room, Dick Mahon her agent came in. He seemed in low spirits. "I have had bad news this morning," he said—"news that I know will pain you, Miss Sullivan, as much as it does myself."

"You have heard from Mr. Mordaunt? What is the matter? Tell me!" "I have heard of him," replied Mahon, with emotion. He told her of Mordaunt's sudden death of jungle fever while engaged in the scientific pursuits which had led him to wander half the world over. The tidings had been communicated to Mahon by telegram. Soon afterwards Nora received a letter from Mordaunt's solicitor, informing her that the deceased had left her a legacy of large amount. Some months later, when Gerald had laid aside his crutches and was speaking to Mahon on the subject of Nora's marriage settlements, he said— "Miss Sullivan is under the impression that Mike Shehan's legacy was invested in America in X. Y. bonds. Now, having myself had a hundred or two so invested, I know them to have been almost valueless. How did Miss Sullivan recover the money?"

After an moment's hesitation, Dick Mahon replied— "I think it would be unjust to Mordaunt's memory if I continued silent on that subject. The ten thousand pounds came from him; and Miss Sullivan knew so little about investments that she never discovered the pious fraud. That evening Mrs. Sullivan said— 'If Nora hadn't known you, dear Gerald, she could not have failed to appreciate the noble young fellow whose loss we deplore.'"

"I did appreciate him, mother—dear John Mordaunt! But it is not because a man is perfection that a girl can love him, but just because he suits her down to the ground," and, with softly beaming eyes she held out her hand to Gerald McCarthy. Cheapest Place to Live. "The cheapest place in the world is Antioch," said a globe trotter. "I once passed a winter there, and all it cost me, though I leased a fine house and kept three servants, was \$4 a week.

"Antioch is in Asia, on the Mediterranean. The climate is all right for winter—as good a winter climate as Monte Carlo, Palm Beach or Los Angeles. "For my house I paid \$5 a month rent. My servants I paid 50 cents a week. Mutton cost 3 cents a pound. Eggs were 2 cents a dozen. Chickens were 5 cents apiece. Fish cost a fifth of a cent a pound. The finest of fresh fruits and vegetables in February—were so cheap that they were not sold in quantity. You got all you wanted for so much a week. All I wanted for my household cost me a quarter weekly.

"An American resident of Antioch told me that he and his family lived comfortably on \$175 a year. Earning a Dukedom. It is said that one of the Duke of Teck's ancestors, who was a charcoal burner, pointed out a silver mine to a German Emperor who had been driven into exile. When the Kaiser regained his throne with the aid of the wealth thus obtained he made the charcoal burner a duke.

